# The People's Advocate.

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### Our River.

The soft, sweet, sunset colors lie
So dreamily in yonder sky!
The gentle ripples, as they flow,
Have caught the gold and crimson glow;
And far beneath us, as we float,
We see the white sails of our boat.

Just here, the breath of fragrant pines,
Which lie so close in shadowy lines,
And dewys cent of clover bloom
Comes through the evening's misty gloom.
The rare white lily lifts its head,
So lovely in its sheltered bed;
And close within each dainty heart,
The evening stars reflecting art.

The ferns bend low, to hide their place
Where dwells such beauty and such grace,
That flowers on land would pale beside
These here, so like a fairy bride
Above the ledge, the hermit thrush
Is singing in the evening hush
A song so sweet, the echoes clear,
Seem like another singing near.

And as the colors fade and die,
And darkening is the glowing sky,
It seems the western gates swing wide
To let us enter as we glide.
Brighter still the pink stars grow!
More gently do the boatmen row!
We feel a touch upon our hand,
And find that we have met the land.

O River! with thy sails so white!
God grant when thus life's shadowy night
Shall close about us, that the hand
Which gently lifts us to the land,
Shall be His own, to guide us where
Forever breathes the summer air.

## THE SISTERS.

The dull November sunshine creeping through the rose-colored curtains, fell in bars of dead gold upon the rich carpet in the pretty room; it played about among the flowers and dainty ornaments, and touched with warm fingers the heavy braids of hair which crowned Judith Stanhope's small head.

It was such a beautiful face that was bent over the book she was reading—a face such as we see sometimes in rare pictures, which great masters, long dead, have left behind them. The features delicate and regular as those of an antique cameo, would have made the face faultily faultless, had it not been for the rich complexion, the large, dark eyes, and the scarlet of the perfect lips. It was not her beauty alone that had won for her the name by which she was best known, and generally called, Lady Judith; when she was a child, her uncle, amused by her little imperious ways had, half in jest, half earnestly, applied the title, and it had clung to her. When she reached womanhood, it seemed to fit her still more perfectly; Lady Judith seemed far more appropriate than Miss Judith for this girl with her beauty, her regal bearing, and luxurious tastes.

The door opened, and a girl, about eighteen years of age entered, and Judith, throwing aside her book, said, gayly, "Ruthie, I thought you had forsaken me; come, sit down here by me?"

As Ruth Stanhope seated herself by her sister's side, it seemed scarcely possible that the same blood flowed in their veins, so different were they in appearance. The life Judith had led—the gay, fashionable life—had developed all that was earthy in her nature, just as the quet, peaceful years spent among the Berkshire hills had brought out all that was gentle and spiritual in Ruth's. When years before their widowed mother had died leaving the two children, ten and twelve years old, Mrs. Ellesly, her sister, a wealthy, childless woman, took Judith, the elder of the sisters, and brought her up as she would have done her own daughter; dropping into the young heart the seeds that were later to bring forth such bitter fruit; fostering the childish vanities and weaknesses. What was the result? At twenty, Judith Stanhope had scarcely a thought about the world and its pleasures; she lived solely for her own physical enjoyment, and for that empty, hollow thing—society. With Ruth it had been just the reverse. In her grandparents quiet, lovely home, far away from the glare and excitement of city life, the years had swept by; she had grown out of childhood, preserving intact her childish purity of thought and action. The sisters met about twice a year; during the winter Ruth would come to visit her aunt, and in the summer Judith would make a flying trip to the old homestead, where her mother had been born.

"Judith," Ruth said, "you expect Mr. Effingham to-morrow, do you not?"

"Yes," she answered, "the ship is due here to-morrow. Lawrence left Liverpool on the twenty-eighth of last month."

"You do not know how I long to see him," Ruth said, earnestly. "He must be noble and true indeed, Judith, to have won your love."

Judith smiled. "Well, you shall see him and judge for yourself," she said. "Lawrence is a gentleman in every sense of the word; he is from one of our best families, and last but not least, by any means, he is very wealthy."

The words, lightly spoken, jarred cruelly upon Ruth's sensitive nature. Raising her eyes to her sister's face, she said, quietly but firmly:

"What have wealth and family to do with love, Judith?"

Again Judith laughed a merry, ringing laugh.

"Why, Ruthie, they have everything to do with it," she answered. "Do you think I would marry a man poor or low born? Could I, with my extravagant ideas, struggle with poverty? No, indeed. It would be criminal for me, knowing myself as well as I do, to link myself to a man who could not support me as I have always been supported."

But Ruth said nothing, only into her soft eyes came an almost sad expression.

The following day brought Lawrence Effingham, and Ruth, looking into his face with its clear eyes, knew that he was noble and true. How quickly she grew to like him—they had so many likes in common, and they both loved Judith so dearly; they were never tired of talking of her when they chanced to be alone together, and Ruth knew far better than did Judith how deeply Lawrence loved her.

They were sitting with Mrs. Ellesly in her room one morning, Judith and Ruth, several weeks after Lawrence had returned from Europe, when a servant brought Judith a letter. She openened it, a smile curving her lips as she recognised the handwriting. Mrs. Ellesly and Ruth, talking together, did not notice that as she read the contents her face grew deathly white, her lips trembled. The letter dropped from her hand; in a strained, unnatural voice she spoke:

"Ruth, auntie, Lawrence has lost every dollar of his fortune; he is ready to release me from my engagement to him."

It was as though a thunderbolt had fallen into the pleasant, sunshiny room. Mrs. Ellesly sank back in her chair; she was wholly unprepared for this. But Ruth went to her sister's side, and took the small icy hands in her own.

"Darling," she whispered, "what does it matter; his love has not gone, you have that still; and what is all the gold in the world compared to that."

But Judith drew her hands away, her lips curling scornfully.

"I, Lady Judith, marry a poor man," she said. "No, no, it can never be."

Mrs. Ellesly's teachings had had their effect.

"Judith," said Ruth, her own face white too, "you will not let him go from you now, when he loves you so."

For a moment Judith was silent, pressing one hand to her heart where a dull pain throbbed; for she loved Lawrence Effingham, how dearly she did not know until long after; then slowly repeating her words. "It can never be," she left the room. Soon after Mrs. Ellesly followed her, Ruth heard the low murmur of their voices as she sat there, her heart filled with a great pity for Lawrence. And then a just indignation rose within her. If that was the way of the world, she thought, then it was well she had no place in it; she could not ever have a part in a society where poverty means disgrace, where love must be bound with golden chains else it flies away. Late that afternoon Judith sent for her; colder, haughtier than ever before; no trace of tears in the beautiful eyes, only a new compressed look about the mouth.

"Ruth," she said, quietly, drawing from her finger the golden band with its gleaming diamond that Lawrence had placed there, "I shall not see Mr. Effingham to-night when he calls; it would only distress us both unnecessarily. Give him this, and this note. That is all."

When Lawrence came that night with a despairing hope upon his face, his eyes wistful and eager, it was Ruth alone that met him, and looking into her eyes he read his answer. Then the faint hope that had buoyed him up all through that long day forsook him. Sinking down he covered his face with his hands, moaning only her name, the name that was so sweet to him, Lady Judith!

With tears falling like rain over her face, Ruth tried to comfort him, this man who had pinned all his love and faith upon a broken reed, and afterward when the terrible pain had died in his heart, the memory of that face came back to Lawrence Effingham. He took his ring and the note in which Judith had told him that it was better they should part, for a time at least; it was a note filled with the philosophy of the world, not God's world, but that world which has wealth for its god; and when our hearts cry out with hunger, philosophy is very bitter food.

He had loved Judith Stanhope with his whole strong nature; reading the words she had written, he felt that that love was already a thing of the past, love and unfaith could not lie together in his heart. Where love had been came a dull hopelessness, a bitter pain. He went away to the far West. In the busy city of San Francisco he commenced a new life, and yet sometimes when his thoughts would stray back over what had been, Ruth Stanhope rose up before him; there came and went in his dreams her sweet face with its soft eyes, and memory brought back from the past words that she had spoken, words which, when she had uttered them, had fallen almost unheeded upon his ears, came to him like strains of old familiar music. And Ruth in her quiet home thought often of the lonely man, and when a letter came to her from him, she wrote a cheerful, encouraging one in answer, and so by degrees a correspondence grew up between them. He told her of his plans for the future, of the life he was leading.

Six months after Lawrence went away, Lady Judith married a man whose name was good for millions, whose signature was well known in many countries. All the happiness that money could purchase, was hers, and yet a vague sense of loneliness crept into her life. A year after their marriage her husband died; she had been true to him during their brief married life, she had not allowed thoughts of Lawrence to rise in her heart; but when she was free again there came a longing to see his face, to hear his voice. She heard of him often; he was often spoken of as one of the rising men in the western city. She wondered if he still loved her, and her eyes grew very tender as she painted a future wherein she saw herself his wife. When after an absence of two years Lawrence Effingham came back to visit his native city, she sent for him to come and see her. And he came; and looking again into his face, Judith knew that she loved him, even as he had loved her years before. Her pride all gone, she showed him her heart—the heart he had so yearned for once. He understood; gently he told her that the past could never come again.

"I shall always be your friend," he said.

"Where are you going?" she asked, when he rose to leave her, scarcely knowing what she said.

"To Ruth," he answered.

Then when he had gone, she threw herself down, crying:

"He loves Ruth, and I love him."

And Lawrence went to Ruth. No word of love was spoken, yet never had days seemed so bright before to either of them. He longed to tell her his love and yet dared not; and so went away again, leaving unsaid the words, which, had they then been spoken, would have saved gentle Ruth the pain that came so soon. Then Judith sent for her; she was lonely, she wrote, would Ruth come? She wanted to see if her sister loved him. One day, never dreaming that Judith loved her old lover still, Ruth brought her a letter.

"He loves me," she whispered, hiding her sweet face, all radiant, upon Judith's breast. "He wants me to be his wife."

"And you love him?" Judith asked.

"I love him," she answered simply.

Ruth brought her the letter she wrote to Lawrence telling him she would be his wife.

"I will mail it," said Judith.

It was cruel, but she thought that some day Lawrence would love her again, would come back to her; he could not love Ruth, she said to herself. Long Lawrence waited for the letter that never came, and Ruth's face grew white and sad. Why did he not write? she wondered. Again she wrote twice, three times; and Judith burned the pitiful appeals, dropping them into the fire with a hard, cold look on her beautiful face. Then hope died in Ruth's heart; heavy shadows came about her eyes, a weary droop into the pale lips; she begged then to go home, and a pang of remorse went through Judith's heart as she noted the white face.

But she let Ruth go without confessher sin. "She is so young," she thought, "she will soon forget."

She did not think that death was coming when her own strength began to fail; she did not know that an organic disease had seized hold upon her, and with iron fingers was slowly crushing out her life; not until her physician told her she could never get well did she realize that she, Lady Judith, was dying. Then she sent for Lawrence, and when he came she told him all. He had suffered much at her hands, but he forgave her. She wanted him to bring Ruth to her; she could not die without her sister's forgiveness. He hurried to the old homestead among the hills; and when Ruth came to him he caught her in his arms; she, reading the love in his eyes, knew there had been a mistake, and laid her head upon his breast—his own Ruth forever. Judith was dead when they went back to her; the white lids closed forever over the lovely eyes, the small, waxen hands lying upon the pulseless heart. Kneeling beside the still form, Ruth kissed the cold lips sobbing bitterly. It was only a fancy, perhaps, but it seemed to Lawrence that those kisses brought an expression of peace over the beautiful, dead face. Ruth's children gather the brightest, most fragrant flowers to lay upon her grave; loving hands have planted vines and creepers about it; and often in the soft, summer twilight, Ruth and Lawrence go there, and as she presses her lips to the marble column upon which is deeply cut the name "Judith," Ruth whispers softly, as though the dead could hear, "dear Lady Judith."

### Why Some People Fail to Succeed.

They neglect details.
They overlook the small things.
They have no eye to business.
They hope for fortune to drop in their laps.
They let their help waste and destroy.
They fail to advertise.
They have too much outside business.
They talk politics too much.
They fail to invent or have new ideas.
They are penny wise and pound foolish.
They imitate their neighbors.
They are not polite or accomodating.
They think most things take too much trouble.
They fail to push business.
They know not that the best is cheapest.
They know not the power of method.
They are illiberal to home enterprises.
They attend to everything but their own business.
They become rusty and lose ambition.

It is said that Kentucky has in store 58,000,000 gallons of rye and Bourbon whisky.

### THE HOME DOCTOR.

ADVICE FOR A DYSPEPTIC.—A man of sixty sends thit following letter to the New York *Sun*: "I advise the boy of 19 who wants to know what to drink and who suffers from dyspepsia, to eat beef and mutton, roast or broiled, slightly rare, or broiled mutton, bread without butter, (Graham is best) drink only a moderate quantity of water at meals, masticate his food well, eat slowly, take the regular meals daily, avoid fat, sp'ose, tobacco and spirits, never eat fried food, exercise in the open air daily, by walking three or four miles, sleep in a cold room, with the window partially open; keep the body clean by a sponge bath, (if he has no other) take a teaspoonful of Rochelle salts in half a glass of water an hour before breakfast, if needful, or better, eat an apple or two daily, if it don't disagre with him. Let him follow these directions for a few months, and I feel confident he will recover his healthf and he can then indulge his appetite more entensively.

TO PUT BACK A COLD.—So soon as you feel that you are taking cold—and you will generally have notice before it amounts to much—place your feet into water made as warm as you can bear, and keep them there about ten minutes. Change them, then, into a vessel containing cold water—if ice water all the better—and hold them in it about one minute; after which wipe dry and put on warm stockings. This treatment will never fail to put back a cold, as I can testify from having practiced it successfully in my family for over three years. The feet seem to govern a cold, and this bathing them first in warm water and then in cold, leaves them all aglow, the effect of which is soon felt throughout the entire system.—*J. Parish Stelle.*

PROPER DIET.—The *Phrenological Magazine* has the following article on the necessity of proper diet: 'The cook is the minister of the palate. We eat as if there was not the slightest connection between body and thought. The philosophy of the table is ignored. We take no account of those silent suggestions made by conspicuous national foods and their allied characteristics. We see no connection between the rice of the Hindoo and his docile disposition, between the oatmeal of the Scotchman and his attachment to logic, and between the potato of the Irishman and his excitability of temperament. Not that diet determines these characteristics, but it is a more or less potent factor in their determination. And illustrations that lie nearer home, the evanescent illness of the gorged child, and the indiscribable sensations that sometimes follow upon a set dinner, are all lost upon us. We eat what we like. We drink because we crave. Taste is a deity in our modern pantheon. The physiological necessities of the body and shunted to make way for more or less depraved appetites. A scheme of diet is the dream of the hygienist, and in hundreds of otherwise cultivated homes there is an utter ignorance of those nutritive elements necessary to build up flesh and force, and to recoup the marvelously compounded brain. The child is allowed to have what it likes. Its whimper is the ending of all wisdom. The cry of its present appetite drowns the far off cry which will inevitably be heard amongst its effeminate members. The disliked portion is rejected and the innutritious dainty put in its place. And this is called feeding it. The desire is satisfied, but the stomach groans under its burden; the muscle derives no wholesome sustenance, and the nerve, pressed by its impoverishment, utters its neuralgic wail. Man-building, even on the purely physical side, is not the green and easy task that some esteem it; and those who take upon themselves the responsibilities of parentage should know that they need to acquaint themselves with the laws of health before they can be masters in this higher Masonry.

### The Shadows on the Graves.

In China ancestors are held in peculiar reverence. The Chinese look upon the casting of a shadow over an ancestor's grave as on insult, and resent it with impetuous anger. Chinese ancestors are buried, not in large cemeteries, but in family burying grounds. As China is thickly inhabited, the result is that ancestor's bones may be found resting beneath every few rods of turf. Hence a novel cause of trouble to a telegraph company in that country. The company erected poles on which to hang the wires. The poles and wires necessarily cast more or less of a shadow. Every Chinaman on whose ancestor's grave a shadow rested, forthwith arose in his wrath and cut down the poles. The consequence has been as a matter of economy and self-protection the company has placed the wires under ground. Reverence for the dead in China has accomplished what regard for the comfort and safety of the living has as yet been unable to accomplish in this country.

### She Got Her Money's Worth.

A Scotch maid servant informed her mistress that she wished to marry, whereupon the old lady made her a present of a five pound note toward housekeeping. Shortly afterward the girl called and presented her husband, who was old, bleer-eyed and lame. "Why, Betsy!" exclaimed the mistress, "is this the man you've got?" "Deed, mum," said Betty, imploringly, "what can one expect for five pounds?"

### About Pearls.

"No," an expert said to a reporter in answer to a question, "finding pearls in fresh water is nothing new, but somehow the business has received a boom, and I should say that there were probably two or three hundred persons spending a part of their time collecting them. They are found from Texas to Ohio. St. Clair county, Ill., and Rutherford county, Tenn., are good places for them, but the largest was found near Salem, N. J., a number of years ago. It was about an inch across and it sold in Paris for $2,000. Most of them are very small and sell in lots for small sums, but one large one pays for the time. Along the Ohio river all the boatmen and fishermen are in the business, especially boys. They wade along the flats and scoop up the unios with their hands, while others have regular arrangements for hauling them up by the quantity. The best are perfectly round and white, with rich orient. The next shape is the pear. Some are perfect all but one side, and this can be concealed in the setting.

'Small pearls for use in onyx need not be perfect, as they are half hidden in the setting, so the imperfect ones have a value as well. The best pearls, the round ones, are those found in the mantle of the animal. You see, the pearl, either in fresh or salt water, is merely the result of the animal's attempt to protect itself."

"Have attempts been made to force the growth of pearls?"

"Yes. The great naturalist Linnæus thought he had discovered a plan to cause pearls to grow, which was to imitate the parasites already mentioned. The pearl mussels were taken from the water and the shells bored, then placed back and left for four or five years. The Swedish Government paid him $1,800 for the idea, but it did not prove a success. The Chinese have done well with the pearl oyster. They sprinkle sand over the beds when the oysters or mussels are open, and also put little images in the shells that soon become coated with a pearly luster. These can be seen at the Central Park museum. In Japan a similar plan is adopted with the unio hyria."

"Is it possible to make spurious pearls?"

"It would be hard to deceive a dealer, but they are made so skillfully that it is extremely difficult to tell them. For yes a bogus pearl manufactory was carried on at Murano, a little town near Venice. The forms were made of glass, while the iridescence or orient was produced by quicksilver; but they were chiefly used as beads for the peasantry. Finally, the French took up the business, and noticing the richness of fishes' scales, they used them to produce the luster, and with great success. The dace and the roach were the fishes used. In Italy the smelt is taken from the Tiber, and its scales yield an extremely rich secretion or mucus that can be used for the purpose; but to the eye accustomed to the real pearl these imitations are so much dross, and I can hardly better express the difference than to say that the spurious ones seem dead and devoid of the blush and sparkle that is the beauty of the real pearl. The latter needs no artistic adornmet to set it off. Held in the hand and subjected to the closest scrutiny it appears the best."

### Two Wooers.

A young lady who was the recipient of attention from two young men equally eligible, in point of good looks, social position and financial solidity, and entertaining similar feelings of friendship for both, was in a quandary as to which to choose, should they propose. A friend to whom she confided her difficulty suggested that she put both to some test to prove the strength of their affection. The took the advice, and to the first who avowed his affections said:

"You tell me that you love me. How do I know that you are sincere? What would you do to show your love?"

"Anything," replied the ardent lover, who had a spice of romance in his disposition, "anything. I would go to the world's end for you; I would endure any suffering for you; I would die for you if necessary."

Such ardent protestations brought the blushes to her cheeks and a thrill of happiness to her heart as she thought that certainly no one could love her more fondly than he did. She asked, however, for a little delay before giving him an answer to his suit.

Meantime the other proposed and she questioned him in like manner to the first.

"Well," said he "I'll tell you what I would do to show my love for you. If you marry me you shall have good clothes to wear. I will see that you are always the owner of a handsome seal skin sacque and that your hats or bonnets are always in fashion, and I will be a faithful, loving husband to you."

"But wouldn't you go to the world's end for me, or die for me, or any of that sort of thing, you know?" she asked, as she toyed with his coat buttons.

"I dont want to go to the world's end," he replied; "I've got a nice, good paying business in Boston, and as for dying for you, I'd rather live with you."

"Well," said she, as visoins of seal skin sacque, fashionable bonnets, etc., flashed before her mind, "I guess you can speak to pa."

The practical wooer is the man for the times.

The funded debt of New York City is $98,999,806.

### ITEMS OF INTEREST.

There is sufficient land in Texas to give every person in the United States four acres each.

Kangaroo tendons are used by fashionable surgeons for the sewing up of flesh wounds.

Leaving out the railroads, the Illinoisans figure up $754,486,006 in personal and real property.

The aggregate of income liable to income tax in England has risen from $2,225,000,000 in 1870 to $2,890,000,000 in 1880.

The late James Lick, the San Francisco millionaire, paid Frederick Zeille, M. D., $50,000 for one year's medical attendance.

The small farmers in Germany cannot hold their own. Nearly 4,000 farmers were offered for sale last year, and 1,000 found no purchasers.

The new "Yellow Book" on opium shows that in China there are 2,000,000 opium smokers who annually spend $125,000,000 on the drug.

Until lately the New York Central Railroad has been in the habit of using steel rails made in England, but is now using rails made at the rolling mills in Troy.

In the prisons of Germany and Austria it is the practice to increase the severity of imprisonment in special cases by intervals of solitary confinement or of confinement in a dark cell, and by compulsory fasting at regular times. These features of prison discipline, however, are specified in the sentences imposed in court, and are not subject to be varied afterward by officials.

### Scenery and Bumps.

In Nevada, recently, two rival coaches started out on parallel roads, each four team on a gallop. A New Yorker, being the only passenger in one coach, took a seat with the driver. He endured the first five miles very well, as the road was pretty smooth, but he finally carelessly observed:

"This pace is rather hard on the horses, isn't it?"

"Oh, no! They are used to it. I haven't begun to swing 'em yet," was the reply.

"If we were going a little slower could enjoy the scenery much bet

"Yes, I s'pose so; but this line run on the scenery principle."

That ended the conversati the horses turned a corner, and stage rode around it on two wheels. Then the New Yorker remarked:

"I suppose you sometimes meet with accidents?"

"Almost every day," was the brief reply.

"Is there danger of something giving way?"

"Of course, but we've got to take our chances. G'lang there."

At the end of another mile the passenger controlled his voice sufficiently to inquire:

"What if we shouldn't reach Red Hill by exactly two o'clock? I am in no hurry."

"No, I s'pose not; but I've got to do it, or lose ten dollars."

"How?"

"I've got an even 'ten' bet that I can beat the other stage into Red Hill by fifteen minutes, and I am going to win that money if it kills a horse!"

"Say! hold on!" exclaimed the oth as he felt for his wallet, "I like to ride fast, and I'm not a bit nervous, but I *do* hate to see horses get worried. Here's twenty dollars for you! Now lets sort o' jog along the rest of the way, and get a chance to smoke and talk about the Indians."

"Whoa, there! Come down with you gentle, now!—take it easy, and don't fret!" called the driver, as he pulled in, and reached for the greenbacks with one hand and for his pipe with the other. Thereafter the New Yorker had more scenery and less bumps.

### Causes of Dew.

If dew fell it would fall for the same reason that rain falls; but dew does not fall. It is simply a deposit of moisture always contained in the air to a greater or less degree, and which, when there is enough of it, will always form on any cold body exposed to the moist air, in precisely the same that a cold bottle or stone taken cold cellar and suddenly exposed shade to the moist, warm summ will become wet. This is not swe nor does this moisture come out bottle or stone as many people bel but from the air. It is for the reason that moisture will con against the window-panes when is cold outside and moist inside moisture slowly freezing while i posits form crystal ice which often admire in winter. Whe weather is cold enough the mo will even freeze plants and gras when we call it hoar frost; if it not freeze it is simply dew. The only point left to be explained is why does the ground becomes so cool during the night, so much cooler than the air above, as to cause the latter to deposit its moisture. This was for many years a vexed problem till Wells first suggested the radiation of obscure heat, which takes place from the surface of the earth through the clear atmosphere to the space above and so causes the surface to become much cooler than the air itself. He demonstrated this by means of thermometers placed at different heights, and also by the fact that dew is only deposited on cloudless nights. When there are clouds they reflect the heat or prevent it from escaping. The surface of the earth being kept from cooling, no dew is formed.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1881.

Subscribers finding this paragraph marked will understand that their subscriptions have expired, and unless they promptly renew the paper will be discontinued to their address.


THE establishment of Industrial Schools is under consideration in the colony of Sierra Leone.

WE heartily approve of the suggestion of the Galveston *Spectator*, that copies of the memorial number of the colored papers be sent to the President of the Press Association to be filed, bound and presented to Mrs. Garfield.

AS THE contest in Virginia goes on and the time for settlement draws near, evidences accumulate that the Democrats are unusually uneasy. The free use of opprobrious epithets and the appeal to the code are very suggestive. It seems as if "the Funders" anticipate a Waterloo defeat, and they rage accordingly. Let them howl.

Messrs. Lavalette and James, colored compositors, formerly employees of our friend Cromwell on his ADVOCATE, have secured excellent positions in this city at "the case."—*Conservator*.

bank h... firm of "... le... their purses with money, but reflect credit on the community to which their fortunes are attached, is the prayer of THE ADVOCATE.

THE Jubilee Singers continue to be the recipients of marked social attention. In Toronto the other week they were tendered a reception by the Hon. Edward Blake, at which more than eighty guests were present. The singers considered "the reception second to none ever tendered them in either America or Europe, not even the one given by Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone."

THE *Progressive American* has challenged the reliability of the Knights of Wise Men by assuming that the apparent surplus after the endowments are paid, goes to enrich a few men. Our contemporary has applied a wrong test. The way to judge whether the institution is a public benefaction is to compare the expense of membership in the institution with the assessments in the leading insurance companies of the Empire State. That being ascertained, the next thing is to examine an authorized report and pronounce judgment from that—not from an imaginary basis.

THE pulpit is the last place for demagogues or buffoons; both bring it into disrepute and place stumbling blocks in the way of seekers-after-truth. So exalted should be the preacher's idea of his ministry, that he should be beyond the necessity of catering to the tastes of the people for approval of his work. He should the rather appeal to their judgment, letting the emotions play the subordinate part. O, for a ministry in our churches that will seek to make their worship conform to the teachings of Christ and his apostles, rather than to that of man.

REV. MR. TURPIN, of the A. M. E. Church, late missionary to South America, gave quite an interesting lecture on monday, 19th inst., on the customs of the people in South America. All the churches that can, will be benefitted by giving him a hearing; for he will not fail to entertain an audience. He charges no admission, but takes up a collection at the close of the exercises, and most people who hear him will probably give him something. He has labored in South America for five years. He has lost his health in missionary work in that country, and his family is still there. He is now endeavoring to raise money to bring them back to America.

There was only a small audience at Mt. Pisgah Wednesday evening, and a small collection was taken up. The churches of this brother's own denomination should not divide the collections with him, because he has been to a far country engaged in the hardest kind of Christian work, enduring great hardships and privations and great sufferings until his health is gone. And now the dearest objects of his heart, a wife and five children, are still suffering among a people in a land where she is a stranger. In this land both she and her husband have been engaged in missionary work, the highest function of the church. While he preached the gospel she taught the letter, and they have seen the good results of their work. He has been made to rejoice over a large church and she over numerous scholars. At an examination certain ones of the nobilty came in and witnessed the exercises, and a gentleman seeing the proficiency of one of these scholars, said he must be promoted, He had this scholar sent to England. He is getting along finely with his studies, and when he gets through with his curriculum he will return to South America to teach his people. I am sure this is something done. Let the A. M. E. Churches help the rever end gentleman, but don't divide the collection.

## *MR. HARLAN'S DEFEAT.*

We notice in some of our colored exchanges a disposition to saddle upon the Republican party the responsibility of the defeat of Mr. Robt. Harlan for the Ohio Legislature from Hamilton county in that State. We think this unjust. True it is that he was the only candidate on the Republican legislative ticket defeated in that county; but it is also true that he received the support of the party as a whole, the defection of 2500 votes out of 25,000 being the occasion of his defeat. To censure the majority for the action of a small minority would be as illogical as it would be unjust. We can not, as colored men, insist that each and every member of the Republican party must support any colored candidate put up, regardless of his personal fitness, antecedents, etc., simply because he is colored, without weakening our cause. Evidently Mr. Harlan was not the strongest candidate that could have been selected to represent the colored element in his section. From this distance we do not know what were the special reasons why his name was so fatally "scratched," but we incline to the opinion that his reputation as a "sporting man" had very much to do with it. If so, we trust the lesson will not go unimproved.

### PERSONAL.

Minister Garnett preached his farewell sermon to his late congregation in New York last Sunday night.

A colored school in Kansas City, Mo., has been named "The Bruce School," in honor of Register Bruce.

Miss S. E. Robinson, of Wellington, Ohio, is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. H. Merriweather, 1922 12th street, N. W.

Jose Brindis, the celebrated Cuban violinist who was here last season with the Ideal troupe, travels this year with Prof. T. S. Boston's double quartette.

A series of resolutions to the memory of the late President were adopted at Key West, Fla., and several appropriate addresses delivered, among them one by our former townsman, Hon. J. Willis Menard.

Alexander Harper, a colored clerk in the employ of the Pullmans, has just been promoted to the position as accountant for the town of Pullman, which makes him chief over more than twenty white clerks and responsible for the accounts of a town of over 2,000 employes.

### TRAVEL IN SWITZERLAND.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

Leaving Wildbad our faces are now turned toward Switzerland, lovely Switzerland. Oh, that I had language to describe its charming scenery. Its towering snow clad mountains, its verdant mountains—many of which are terraced to their very tops—its beautiful limpid lakes and rivers; but why should I attempt what abler heads than mine have utterly failed in describing, for the reason that it is beyond the power of the human mind to depict its awful grandeur. It has been truly said there is but one Switzerland. To use a common phrase, to be appreciated it must be seen; but as few of your readers are blessed with "second sight," at least of Switzerland, as has been my good fortune, I will try and give a few hints, and they may put this and together and thus form a faint idea of picturesque Switzerland. Our course was through the Black Forest, which commences near Wilbad, Wirtemburg, and continues through a considerable portion of German Switzerland, which, by the way, is as German as German itself—so much so that one scarcely realizes the change from one country to another (from Empire to Republic). After zizzagging over the mountains amid wild scenes that charmed the soul of a Byron, darting through tunnels, over the mountain tops with yawning caverns beneath us, we proceeded on our way, rejoicing at the bounteous feast thus spread before us.

The railroads here, as all over Europe, are of the most substantial character; the tresslework of solid masonry, as are the abutments of the many bridges, which are mostly of iron and built in the most substantial manner. The wagon roads, too, as elsewhere in Europe, are splendid, all being macadamized and kept in excellent condition. Now we are safely ensconced in the Schweitzerhof at or near Sheffhausen, the Falls of the Rhine. Had I been born a poet or a painter I might attempt to describe the beautiful blue waters dashing over the jagged rocks, the foaming billows swelling a mighty chorus, forever singing their song of praise "to Him who alone doeth great wonders," "whose way is in the great deep, whose footstep is not known." I was not so enthusiastic, however, as an American, who was so enthused at this truly beautiful spectacle as to declare it was more beautiful than Niagara Falls, alleging that the latter was gigantic but the former more beautiful. Disabusing the mind of said individual by assuring them that there was not the slightest comparison, that as "there was but one Switzerland, so there was but one Niagara, they then and there confessed they had not seen Niagara—a fatal mistake, I fear, that is made by many of our own countrymen, who fail to learn something of the grandeur and beauties of our own before visiting foreign lands. The Falls are, as near as I can ascertain, forty feet high on one side and sixty on the other. Descending a a rapid declivity to a distance of 200 or more feet from the crest of the mountains, where we get a lovely view of the Falls, approaching so near that the white spray dashes into one's face. Shaffhausen is a town of considerable importance, rendered so by the magnificent water power, which is thoroughly utilized for manufacturing purposes. The water works, propelled by the rushing torrent, are on a grand scale, the water power being transmitted by means of endless chains some distance from the banks of the river. Alas, how apparent one's ignorance becomes as you begin to learn something of the world's wonders. My ignorance of engineering and the mechanic arts preclude the possibility of giving your readers anything like a fair description of this wonderful water power, so I must of necessity pass this interesting subject by.

We have now reached the capital of the Swiss confederation, Berne, which is a beautiful and picturesque town situated on the ——— river, containing a population of about 80,000 to 90,000 souls, and many fine public and private buildings, including the legislative halls, a magnificent barracks, fine hospital and a very old cathedral, built in 1400, also fine statuary and beautiful fountains—among the latter a famous old one representing an Ogre in the act of swallowing a child, with others in his pouch destined to share the same fate. The famous town clock is another object of great interest to strangers, as indeed it is to residents, if we may judge from the great crowds who hourly witness the performances of the many figures performing their parts "like clock work." It is needless for me to take up your valuable space in describing this wonderful piece of mechanism so well known throughout the world. Leaving Berne we are also leaving the German language behind; for we are now entering the French portion of Switzerland, as evidenced in the change of nomenclature. Now we are at Venex, on the shores of the beautiful lake Lehman, where, after spending several days rambling about its lovely shores viewing its matchless villas, its towering snow-clad mountains, its historic towers and its dismal dungeons, including Chillon, rendered immortal by Byron, whose name we saw coined by his own hand in the dungeon where was chained Bonward, one of Switzerland's many champions of liberty. As I cannot write a book, and as nothing less would adequately describe these wonderful and exceedingly interesting scenes, I must pause. We are now up in the mountains, whose indescribable grandeur inspires, nay, arouses one. As we behold them lifting their "bold and blackened cliffs" heavenward, as if to say "the hand that made us is divine." While here the story of perpetual snows in the mountains was made plain; for on several occasions the fresh snow fall was plainly visible, and that in mid Summer. Though no poet, as above noted, nor the son of a poet, we were inspired to pen the following lines amid these wild and beautiful scenes:

Oh, Switzerland, to thee
I touch my tuneful lyre—
Home of the brave and free,
filum'd by freedom's fire.

Thou radiant orb of day,
Diffusing sacred light,
A beacon far away,
May Europe catch thy light.

And fires upon thine altars
Kindled by liberty,
Destroy the dross of error—
Proclaim the oppressed free.

Oh, land of beauty fair,
So pleasing to behold,
Thou hast a gem more rare
Than India's shining gold.

'Tis priceless liberty,
More comely than the crown;
That glittering toy of monarchy
By thee is trampled down.

'Tis here that beauty gleams
Enrapturing to the sight;
The poet fondly dreams
To sing thy praise aright.

Sinners in colors bright
Fain would to us impart
Thy precious treasures hid
Beyond the reach of art.

Descending from Avants we are now making our way to Geneva, the Paris of Switzerland. Alas, how changed since our visit 11 years ago. Very many beautiful blocks of buildings have been added, many improvements in the shape of statuary, including the highly ornamental monument erected to the Duke of Brunswick by moneys obtained through other than honorable means in his native country and left by himself for that purpose. Wonder if Howgate and Flipper will erect such monuments over their precious carcasses. I cannot dwell here, however pleasant Geneva is; time fails to allow me to tell of its broad streets and avenues—reminding me of our own beautiful broad streets and avenues at Washington—of its envious lovely villas, the summer resorts of the dignitaries of Europe, the affluent of nearly all civilized nations. I will simply mention the magnificent hotels, all of which are crowded, the palatial bazars, the many beautiful mansions, etc., etc., not forgetting the mighty Rhone dashing madly down toward the sea.

If you ever hear from me again it will be from Paris—provided the many intelligent correspondents of various newspapers in this mighty city leave anything for me to say.

Geneve'le, Sept. 13, 1881.

### Corruption Among the Bishops.

Rev. B. F. Bates, of Lawrence, called the attention of the conference to a letter in the *Recorder*, written by Elder J. C. Embry, and requested the Secretary of the conference to read the same. The article was read; several made remarks upon it, the gist of which were that Elder Embry had maliciously misrepresented and scandalously attacked the appointing power of the church. Rev. B. F. Watson moved the reference of the matter to the Judicial Committee. Elder John Turner, of Kansas City, moved the appointment of a special committee; the following were appointed: Revs. W. L. Harrod, Turner, Carter, Hubbard, and J. H. Braxton.

### Mattie Lawrence.

In referring to a concert of the Jubilee Singers at Toronto last week *The Globe* of that city says:

"The audience numbered somewhere about 1,800, and embraced the *elite* of Toronto society. * * * The only other soloist of the evening was Miss Mattie Lawrence, whose voice was a remarkably sweet soprano of great flexibility and purity. Her programme number, "Sing, sweet Bird," was a perfect musical gem appropriately treated, and nothing could be more perfect than the coquettish style in which she sang, after her recall, the charming little ballad, "Nothing else to do."

### ISMARELLE ROGER.

BY "POTOMAC."

"Death bleeds the scepter with the spade."

"Ismarelle! your mama says for you to come right away in."

"Well, pretty soon bimeby," and the diligent little fingers continued to ply in and out the roses.

"Don't you call me Ismarelle no more—Dirk calls me 'Belle,' and he knows how to call girls.

The nursery maid hesitated. If she re-entered her lady's chamber without the child there might be reproof; but if she forced the child to enter with her there certainly would be screams and blows; so choosing the least of two evils Nettie returned alone to Mrs. Roger.

"Dear me! must she always need managing? She'll entirely strip those rose bushes," and going to the window she called, "Ismarelle, mama will find some candy for you will come right in this minute."

"Yes, in a minute now; I most dot frough." And presently the tiny restless feet pattered up the gravel path.

"You are a naughty little girl where have you been all the forenoon?"

"I has been to Dirk's house;" and a willful look crept around the red mouth.

"You will be a very sick little girl if you go there when mama tells you not to."

"I dess not. Mrs. Lacquer does scrub her floor every day. Katie don't. Dere's lots o' dirt under our tarpets, but dere, taint no dirt hide ober to Dirk's house."

"You are a little sinner," said her mother, laughing; "now be good. Let Nettie help you into your new dress and we'll go riding." Mrs. Roger again faced the mirrow and proceeded with her own toilet.

"Is a big sinner a little one growed up, mama? Are all angels *ladies?* Tause when Dirk looks nice and pretty his mama call him 'dear little man;' but when I look pretty she say 'little angel.'"

Mrs. Roger turned sharply on the child: "You mind what I say, Ismarelle, and don't you go over to Mrs. Lacquer's ever again."

"Then I'll grow up trud woman. Dirk say so to-day when he snap my fingers for pulling his kitty's tail."

"Nettie!" and her mistress stamped her dainty boot upon the Brussel flowers, "you see that this child never goes to that house again—never!"

"You just look out a window, mama, and you see me run atross this morrow day." And in her vehemence this last speaker also stamped a dainty boot.

Ah, young mother! Do you not see how the heart of your little child mirrors the color and bent of your own?

In recounting the child's waywardness to her father that night Mrs. Roger dwelt upon this final episode.

"She will go, too. She is a little gold mine, but will be ruined in the working."

"I hope your next wife will bring her upto suit you, as it seems I cannot."

"I fear she'll be brought up before that time. But let the subject drop. Perhaps, when you respected the man you loved and married only to swell your pride and fortune, you forgot that two could play at the game. We have reaped as we sowed; a harvest of briers and thickets awaits us. As for me, I confess I am a coward," and the gentleman left the room slamming the door behind him.

A few more June days, and then July came in with fevered breath searing the tender bloom of garden on of feild. Indeed, the heat of the remaining summer beamed almost unbearable. Sickness prevailed to an alarming extent in city and in outlying towns, and within two days of each other there were borne to the same cemetery the bodies of the Hon. Horace Roger, and the plain, upright Ædirk Lacquer, carpenter.

So truly and effectually doth death finish a tale and seal a history.

(*To be continued*).


Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done thousands of workmen more good than the medicines of many doctors. It is a positive cure for all female complaints. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham.


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### Merry Ring the Marriage Bells.

Never was the 19th Street Baptist Church more crowed than on last Thursday evening, and with the best people white and colored of our city, forming the crowd, and one of the most orderly that it has been our privilege to witness, the occasion being the marriage of Mr. G. B. Anderson, of Richmond, Va. to Miss Virginia Thornton, of Washington, D. C., both highly honored by the community. No young man coming among us gained more warm admirers than Mr. G. B. Anderson, who as an upright Christian gentleman has proved himself worthy of the honor the vast crowd seemed willing to show. And Miss Thornton among all classes of our people who have known her has been greatly loved and respected.

Long before the time for the wedding (7:30 o'clock) all space in the galleries, choir and main audience room was taken up, and standing room could hardly be gained. At 8:45 by the raising of the lights it was known that the wedding party were drawing near and soon Mrs. Thornton, mother of the bride entered on on the arm of Mr. G. B. Anderson following closely the bride on the the arm of her father. Mr. Anderson was dressed in a black suit and white vest, the bride wore a dress of white brocade silk trimmed with spanish lace and white tule vail, making a lovely appearance moving up the aisle to where the Rev. W. S. Madden performed the marriage ceremony, using the ring. After the ceremony the bridal party immediately withdrew from the church receiving but few congratulations; for so dense was the crowd that to have halted would have insured their stay in Washington longer than they had anticipated. We learn that numerous presents were received by the bridal party and certainly they have the best wishes of a host of friends that their married life may be a very very happy one. The ushers Messrs. Abrahams, Morris and Jones were extremely attentive and courteous to the large audience, and deserves great credit.

### The Cat Out of the Bag.

Colored social circles, in a neighboring city, have recently been stirred to their very lowest depths by a wedding incident, in which the wedding did not occur. The parties to the affair are well-known in this city and Detroit and the circumstances attending the unfortunate denoument, are fraught with the usual pathetic coloring. For some months back a gentleman by the name of ——, having his residence in Chicago, has been making occasional journeys to this city, attracted here by the charms of one of Eve's fair daughters named Miss ——. In time they became engaged, and the wedding was set for the 7th inst. On the morning of that day the groom arrived in town and was met at the depot by one of the citizens, who pressed him so earnestly to go home with him before he visited his intended bride, that Mr. —— consented. On arriving at the house, and after the usual introduction had been gone through, a little three-year old girl entered the room, bearing on her face the unmistakable marks of a near relationship to the intended bride. Inquiry disclosed the fact that it was a daughter of Miss —— born out of wedlock, and which the family, at whose house it then was, had reared from infancy, keeping inviolate the fall of the mother from the tongue of the scandalmonger. But now it seems that as the mother of the child was about to marry, the man, at least, had conscientious scruples about keeping from the intended groom the true condition of affairs, hence the disclosure. We will pass over the astonishment of the groom, his sudden return to Chicago without once presenting himself at the house of his inamorata; the chagrin of the almost bride, and the host of relatives and friends who waited the coming of the bridegroom with ever increasing anxiety. But although

"Bird, beast and flower
Proclaimed the hour,
Oh! where was County Guy?"

Finally it was whispered in the ear of some members of the family that the "cat was out of the bag," and the groom had come and gone a sadder and a wiser man. Then there was weeping and wailing and all that, with an indefinite postponement of the nuptials until the mists are cleared away.—*Conservator.*


As the Liver is easily disordered, and more or less Bilious Distress sure to follow, Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills are of seasonable efficacy, as they restore the Liver to healthy action, and remove all biliousness.


We think with many other colored journals that there is no need of of colored conventions just now. They afford an opportunity for the old broken down members of the legislature to expatiate on hard times, but we can afford during these days of freedom from political excitement to let them have a rest.—*Afton Blade.*

THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1881.

AGENTS.

Cochran, Ga. . . . Richard Townsend.
Baltimore..... D. D. Dickson.
Levi Cromwell Gen'l Ag't for Phila.
Washington..... { G. B. Anderson,
" ..... { G. W. Renfro.
C. A. Lemar, Collector for Washington.
New Bedford, Mass..... Wm. H. Carney.
Lawrence,..... Rev. W. H. Scott.

ADVERTISING NOTICES.

Ten lines constitute an inch.
Business and special notices are 5 cents a line.
Advertisements see rates.

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Wm. L. Freeman, 1905 K street northwest, Washington, D. C.
D. D. Dickson, 84½ St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

# LOCAL.

—Societies and churches wishing local notices of their entertainments and other special exercises, in order to ensure the same should send complimentary tickets.

—DON'T FORGET the Mite and Biscuit Festival to be given at St. Paul's A. M. E. Church, Wednesday the 26.

—Dr. Alex. Crummell returned home for a brief stay last Saturday. He leaves again next week.

—E. R. Bagby, of Terre Haute, brother to R. B. Bagby, of the *Leader*, has arrived in our city and is stopping at Mrs. Tilghman's, on M. street, N. W.

—The children of Mary Society will give a concert and Tableau Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Oct. 26th and 27th, in the basement of St. Augustine's Church. For further particulars, see advertisement.

—The article entitled "A Tornado in a church" excited considerable comment this week, and favorably. The pastor had already advised his membership to be more circumspect in their action.

—Ladies have you read that advertisement of Mrs. Judson Malvin's in another column; if not, read immediately and tell your friends if you have any who *don't* read the ADVOCATE.

—St. Mary's P. E. Church, located on 23d street, between G. and H., N. W. Services on Sundays at 11 A. M., Sunday School at 3 P. M., Vesper service at 4 P. M. This service is choral. The following individuals are the leading singers at this service: Misses E. and L. Smith, Messrs. J. A. Johnson, A. Butler and J. R. Davis. Seats free to all. Music-loving people are especially invited at this service.

—A dinner party was given on Thursday evening last to Dr. Chas. B. Purvis, recently appointed Surgeon-in-Chief of the Freedman's Hospital, by Mr. Daniel Warner, at his residence on P st., which was a most enjoyable affair. The guest present included Hon. John F. Cook, Prof. R. T. Greener, Mr. William E. Matthews, Dr. F. J. Shadd, Mr. W. H. H. Wormley, Mr. Collin Crosoe and Mr. Samuel Bailey. The dinner was served by Thomas, and was in his best style. Toasts were drank and congratulatting speeches made and the occasion altogether a most happy one.

—The memorial meeting at Israel Church last Sunday afternoon was a very touching one. Mr. Cornish, the Superintendent, in attempting to deliver the historical sketch, was overcome by his feelings. Mr. Abram Haysen then was announced to read the resolutions. Before doing so he delivered a very graceful tribute to the memory of the departed one, which touched a tender chord in the affections of all present. Mr. T. E. Howard, Rev. Joseph S. Smothers, Mr. Hughes and S. G. Brown followed, the latter reading an original poem. After which the exercises were closed.

—Mr. Thaddeus Grymes after a brief but painful illness, died last Saturday morning at half past eight o'clock A. M., leaving a widow and one little girl in her fifth year, three brothers and a host of friends to mourn his loss. The funeral took place on Tuesday afternoon. Services were held at St Augustine's Church. As the funeral procession entered, the choir sweetly sang "Children of the heavenly King" to the tune of Pleyel. The pastor, after going through the rites of the Church for the dead, made a brief address, testified to the Christ an resignation of the deceased and exhorted all present to live a Christian life. As the procession was leaving the church the choir sang "Rest, Spirit, Rest." The interment was made at Mt. Olive Cemetery. The floral tributes embraced a pillow with the word "rest," from the employes of the Supreme Court, a crown and a pillow by Mrs. Richardson, a cross, a pillow by Mrs. George Webster and Mrs. Mary Hunter, and a cross.

—The concert at Lincoln Hall Tuesday evening, financially was a success. The hall was filled to its utmost capacity. There was not room for the great crowd that gathered, paying twenty-five cents admission, is astonishing. But it only shows what people can do when they they make up their mind to work. The old adage, "Where there's a will there's away," was proved last Tuesday night at Lincoln Hall. So dense was the crowd that many who came could not gain entrance. This gave considerable dissatisfaction, and there was a great deal of loud talking in the southeast corner of the building; not only that, but it appeared from the boisterous noise as if some were almost ready to come to blows. It is to be regretted that there are those among us who will gather in the finest audience and behave so rudely. Madam Smallwood, we are happy to say, did not disappoint the audience, but was the attraction of the evening. Mr. Layton also drew frequent applauses every time he appeared on the stage.

### OBITUARY.

Willis Robert, only son of J. W. and Lucy A. Cromwell, died last Wednesday evening, Oct. 19, aged 2 years and 19 days. Nine months ago he had a fall which, though it seemed not to permaneotly injure any of his vital organs, had so debilitated and emaciated him that with the falling of the autumnal leaves a relapse came on, and after seven hours in convulsions he passed away to the spirit land.

### West India Islands.

One of the first impressions which strike the stranger on arriving at Jamaica, or any other of the English islands, is the multifarious divisions which mark the different classes of society. The stern old English pride of position has been engrafted so firmly into the colonists, that, so soon as the worldly circumstances of a man change for the better, he becomes so morally transformed as to be oblivious to the very existence, not only of his nearest and dearest friends, but of his nearest relatives. I believe that in pretty nearly all communities, all over the world, the sunshine of prosperity is apt to make people forgetful of old friends; but I believe the principle is carried to a greater extent in these Islands than in any other country under the sun. The degrees into which the colored classes are divided are simply ridiculous; the nearer they approach the white man in blood, they style themselves "higher in colour," and, of course, consider themselves superior to those of a darker hue. The sambo looks down upon the black; the mulatto looks down upon the sambo; the quadroon looks down upon the mulatto, and so on. Colored people of a light complexion form a society of themselves; and from which those of a dark complexion are excluded. The poor black people are kept down to such a degree in the English Islands as to render their moral and material advancement an utter impossibility. It must be borne in mind that the white and colored people form but a mere fraction of the population, the great bulk of the inhabitants being black.

One of the five colored representatives of the Tennessee Legislature is making it lively for the legislators of that State by the way he is pushing his "coon bill." Mr. Cassells is a Memphis lawyer. Seeing the unnecessary stringency put upon intermarriage in Tennessee, he resolves to to make it equally uncomfortable for white men who support colored concubines. He therefore introduced a bill, making the cohabitation of a white man with a colored woman, a felony, punishable with a term in the penitentiary. The bill has the support of some of the strongest men in the legislature and will probably pass. It should pass and be enforced. Southern white men protest against intermarriage, colored men should punish to the extent of the law, those who may be found guilty under the "coon bill."—Ex.

NOTICE—All arrangements for obtaining coal having been perfected, the Progressive Co-operative Association is prepared to receive orders until October 17th. The terms are 50 cents deposit on each ton ordered and the balance when the coal is delivered. The buyer has the option of ordering, in not less than one ton, at any time before April 1, 1882. The payment of one dollar secures the privileges of membership of the association. Orders will be received at the office R. C. Douglass Dying Establishment under National Theatre. Call and ascertain the low rates of our coal.

—Gentlemen desirous of obtaining suitable lodgings on reasonable terms, in a locality convenient of access to business, can obtain the same by applying to 714 K Street N. W. Sept. 24-1m.

### Cheap Coal! Cheap Coal!

The Progressive Cooperative Association affords to our people the *very* best opportunity for purchasing coal at reduced rate. Address T. J. Minton, 1311 18th street, n. w.

### To Whom it May Concern.

Parties residing here, desiring to see the undersigned on any business will please call at his office 609 Louisiana ave. between 4 and 5 p. m., or at his residence, 1511 P street, n. w., in the evening and *not*, unless specially authorized to do so, call where he is employed by the General Goverment.

J. W. Cromwell.

### ATTENTION ALL!

We will publish the name, secretary, place and time of meeting of every organization in this city for one year for $1.50 and send the paper besides. We will also publish the elections, installations etc. free of charge.

## OUR SOCIETIES.

Communications for this column should be addressed to "SOCIETY COLUMN," PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

Brief communications and inquiries for this column are invited. It is, as its name implies, devoted to the interests of different fraternities.—Ed.

BROTHERLY LOVE LODGE No. 896, J. L. Thomas, P. S. No. 106 Short st., Harrisburg, Pa. Every Monday evening Eby's Building Market st. near 6th. dec25 1y

WASHINGTON, D. C.
Star of the West 1369 2nd and 4th Wednesdays. D. M. Chambers P. S. 115 7th s. e.

Mount Olive Lodge No. 1333 meetings 1st and 3rd Mondays, Judson Malvin P. S. Lock Box 16, or 1711 11th street.

METROPOLITAN LODGE, No 125, K. of W. M. 1st and 3rd Mondays, 7th Street n. w., J. W Cromwell, E. A., Dr. S. L. Cook G. S. and Medical Examiner

At a meeting of Union Friendship Lodge No. 891 of the G. U. O of O. F., the following officers were elected: P. N. F. P. G. M., Jackson Howard; N. F. Harris. Moppin; P. N. G., Andrew Lewis; N. G. George S. Gant; V. G., W. W. Ellison; P. S., M. V. P., Chas. H. Shorter; E. S., E. L. Thomas, Treasurer, P. G. M., Anthony Hickman, Chaplain, M. V. P., Chas. F. Murray; Conductor, P. G. M. George H. Johnson.

## WANTED!

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# THE NEWS.

The steamship Crescent City, while in dry-dock at New York, was capsized. The Crescent City is one of the Pacific Mail steamers, of 2,006 tons burden. She was put in the Clinton street dock to have her bottom painted. She lurched and settled over on the port side. The twelve men at work about the steamer escaped except John Hart, who was crushed to death.

The paper of Thomas Bradley, the largest beef butcher in Philadelphia, went to protest. He was an endorser on Butcher Brothers' paper to a large amount.

A Washington evening paper publishes a statement to the effect that the French and Germans have not yet been introduced to each other, and have had no intercourse. It states that the French visitors have expressed a decided preference for non-intercourse.

One hundred and thirty British and foreign vessels were wrecked by the late storm on the British coast. The approximate value of the property lost is 8,000,000 pounds, of which the sum of 6,000,000 pounds represents the British losses.

Bud McNeal and Nathan Tripps are now in jail at Wilksboro, N. C., for a most brutal murder. On leaving a stillhouse, where presumably they had maddened themselves with whisky, they declared they would kill the first man they met. One Walker, a quiet, inoffensive fellow, was the ill-fated man, and they carried out their threat by literally stamping the life out of him.

Some anxiety is expressed in regard to Prof. King's balloon which has not been heard from for six days. She departed from Chicago, and took the direction of the Wisconsin forests, which is said are the densest in the world. The professor had but two days provisions for himself and companion.

At a meeting at Knoxville, Tenn., of the stockholders of the Knoxville and Augusta Railway Company a consolidation was effected with the Rabun Gap Short Line Railway Company of North Carolina and the Clayton Railroad Company of Georgia, under the name of Rabun Gap Railway Company. The whole line extends from Knoxville to Lula, on the Atlanta and Charlotte Air Line Road.

Gen. Wilcox, commanding in Arizona, has ordered Col. Mackenzie and his men to return to their station in New Mexico. From this it would seem that the trouble with the Indians in New Mexico has ended.

Snow fell to the depth of six inches at Quebec, Canada.

United States Treasurer Gilfillan has mailed checks in payment of the principal and interest on continued six per cent. bonds amounting to $6,660,000.—Mr. Johnson, the reported partner of Mr. Emory Storrs, of Chicago, will assist Mr. Scoville in the defence of the assassin, Guiteau. Guiteau himself is writing a paper in his own defence.

The International Cotton Exhibition at Atlanta, Ga., is under full headway. The exhibits are comparatively small, but the American exhibit far surpasses in number, value and beauty the exhibits of the country at the Centennial.

Burglars entered the office of C. H. Park, treasurer of Greene county, Pa., and robbed the safe. A hole was found drilled directly over the combination figure inside the nickle plate. About $10,000 was taken. Detectives are working up the case.

Miss Lillie Glover, the popular actress, has been notified of the death of an uncle of her father, bequeathing to her a legacy variously estimated at from $40,000 to $80,000.

An Associated Press dispatch states that at a meeting of the Western passenger agents held at Chicago, Commissioner Dixon was instructed to notify the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad that unless it squared its debt to the Western lines on account of immigrant rebates, its tickets would be withdrawn from all the offices of the association. On being asked what the action of the Baltimore and Ohio would be, Mr. Cole replied that the road would certainly refuse to pay the rebate demanded, and that they (the Baltimore and Ohio) could be as independent as the Western lines.

The inquest upon the bodies of the nine victims of the fire at Lanvenberger's mill, Philadelphia, was held at the coroner's office. An electric lamp similar to those in use at the mill was erected above the coroner's desk to facilitate that officer and the jury in their deliberations. The jury find that the persons named came to their deaths from burns and injuries received at a fire in the Randolph Mills, and that the fire was caused by the improperly constructed and inefficiently managed electrical apparatus for lighting the buildings.

The ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the Yorktown monument took place October 18, in the presence of President Arthur and other distinguished guests. Governor Holliday and Senator Johnston, of Virginia, delivered patriotic addresses. Owing to some mismanagement, Secretary Blaine and the French guests were not present at the ceremonies. The pyrotecnic display at night was successful in every particular. During the day General Hancock complained to General Grubb, officer of the day, of the misconduct of the Ninth Massachusetts Regiment.

Another exhibition of the Keely motor was given in Philadelphia. The meeting was entirely private, being intended exclusively for the benefit of friends of the enterprise from New York. It was stated that all present were satisfied of the effects which the power, as utilized and controlled by the inventor, is capable of producing.

The steamship Great Eastern was sold at auction yesterday for £30.000.

It is understood that the Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria, and King Hubert, of Italy, will soon meet at some point in Austria.

At the session of the National Prohibition Alliance in New York, the Committee on the Principles of Alliance recommended that the right of suffrage be granted to women, in order that effective prohibition laws might be passed by legislators elected by female vote. The report of the committee was adopted.

A summons was issued in Philadelphia by the coroner for Joseph Harvey' owner of Randolph Mills, who was declared by the coroner's jury to be criminally responsible for the fire at that place. Mr. Harvey appeared and was held in $10,000.

The celebration of Yorktown centennial in Charleston, S. C., opened this morning with a salute of thirteen guns, fired by the German Artillery, a veteran battery. In the middle of the day St, Mary's Cemetery, where two daughters of Admiral DeGrasse are buried, was opened to the public. The tomb is surmounted by a canopy of moss, and flowers, and is literelly covered with exquisite wreaths and garlands. Thousands of persons visited the cemetery during the day.

Mr. Eugene Schuyler has signed a consular convention between the Unitee States and Servia. It will be ratified within three months, when both it and the Servo-American treaty of commerce will be enforced.

There has been considerable comment, over the fact shown by the published list of substribers to the Mrs. Garfield fund, that Washington furnished but nine subscribers. This—out of a city full of government employees and high officers of the government, some of whom had intimate personal relations with the dead President—is somewhat striking. The point has been made, where the fact has been discussed, that Washington and Ohio, the city and state where Garfield was best known, showed the least disposition to do anything for his heirs.

The report of the loss of the steamer Thingvalla, with five hundred persons on board, turns out to be unfounded.

The eighteenth annual convention of the International Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers are in session at Baltimore. About 160 delegates were present.

Just after the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, General Washington, the Marquis De Lafayette and the Chevalier De La Luzerne (representing Louis XVI.,) with their respective staffs, together with the United States Congress in a body, attended St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church, in Philadelphia, where a solemn mass of thanksgiving was offered. The grand Te Deum will be repeated at this historic church, in commemoration of the events of a century ago.

### Preparatory Opening.

YORKTOWN, Oct. 19.—The town is full thieves, and all classes of gambling indulged in.

Five hundred additional policemen will be brought from surrounding cities to assist those now on duty.

The Centennial Association have offered a prize cup of $1,000 value for the best drilled battalion, both in field maneuvring and camp life generally. President Arthur and the French visitors are expected to arrive to-morrow morning. They will be formally received in Lafayette Hall—a building erected for use during the celebration—by Gov. Holliday, of Virginia; Gov. Ludlow, of New Jersey, accompanied by Adjutant Genaral Striker, General Weston, Major General Mott, Quartermaster Gen. Perrine and United States Senator Sewell are expected in the morning. The Georgia battallion, which may arrive to-night, will bring with them two guns which were delivered to Washington at the surrender of Yorktown. At the camps to-day all the militia had dress parades, and the government troops had a brigade guard mount. Gen. DeRussy, of the regular army, was officer of the guard to day, and Gen. Grubb, of New Jersey, will be officer of the day to-morrow for the whole encampment, by order of Gen Hancock. On Thursday, the 20th, the day set for the grand review by the President, the troops will be formed from right to left in the following order, being, so far as regards the state troops, that of the adoption of the Constitution and admission into the Union of the several states represented: The brigade of United States regular troops; the United States naval brigade; the Veterans from the Home: the Georgia troops; the New Jersey troops; the Delaware troops; the Pensylvania troops; the Connecticut troops; the Massachusetts troops; the Maryland troops; the South Carolina troops; the New Hampshire troops; the Virginia troops; the New York troops; the North Carolina troops; the Rhode Island troops; the Vermont troops; the Kentucky troops, and the Michigan troops.

### The Succession to the Presidency.

The general public seem not to be aware of what would ensue in case of the death of President Arthur, under the law bearing upon the subject, The Constitution left it to Congress to provide by law for the case of the death of both president and vice-president, and the laws of March 1, 1792, sections 146-150 of the Revised Statutes, fully cover the ground. There would be a new election out of the regular course, unless the death of the President occurred so late in his term that the regular election of 1884 was impending. In that case the president of the Senate would act as President of the United States until March 4, 1885, the end of the term for which President Garfield and Vice President Arthur were elected. But if the president's death should occur before the first Wednesday of October, 1883, there would be a new election of president and vice president, out of the regular course. The election would be held at the usual time of year and the persons elected would be inaugurated on the 4th of March ensuing. But their term of office would be four years from their own inauguration—not merely for the unexpired year or years of the Garfield-Arthur term. That, of course, would throw future elections out of the series of years in which they are now due; namely, 1884, 1888, 1892 1895, &c.

When others are suffering, drop a word of kindness and sympathy. If they are suf... from a Cold, give them Dr. B... Syrup; a few doses of this valu... will afford instant relief, and a 2... will cure the worst Cough.

### An Attempt to Burn a Cunard Steamer.

An apparently deliberate attempt was made to burn the Cunard Line steamer Bothnia, lying at pier 40, North river. The motive of the attempt is unexplained. Visitors had been coming and going all day, and at 7 o'clock two tall dark-featured men, with black mustaches and dark clothes, passed through the gate to the steamer. They said they wished to see Boatswain Jackson. They were informed by the steward that Jackson was asleep, and they said they would wait. They shortly after left, and the steward, who was carrying a tray to the chief steward's room, which is abaft the main saloon, noticed a peculiar smell in the passage-way. As he passed a certain point the friction of his feet on the carpet caused a glow which developed into a blaze, with a strong smell of phosphorus. The steward raised an alarm, and with help threw the carpet overboard. On investigation the carpet was found to be soaked apparently with gasoline and a phosphate solution that would cause fire by friction. Four bottles were found in the railway which were thought from the smell to have contained phosphate and gasoline. It was concluded that the strangers mentioned had brought them aboard with incendiary designs. The opinion was credited by some of the officers that it was an attempt of the "skirmishers" to injure British trade and British vessels. The company endeavored to suppress the affair. The clue to the two men is being followed up. It is said that explosives have previously been offered as freight, and have been refused by the Cunard Line and other English steamers.

### A Revolting Crime Swiftly Avenged.

A special from Long View, Texas, furnishes particulars of a revolting crime committed near Breckville. A white man named Sloan, who with his family had moved into the neighborhood to pick cotton for a Mr. Hill, had an altercation with a negro named Lum White, and the latter endeavored to punish Sloan's children. Being prevented by the mother and daughter, a girl fifteen years of age, he succeeded in enticing the latter into a deep ravine, where, with the assistance of his wife, he outraged her person, and then using his pocket-knife cut her bowels open lengthwise, and across, deliberately cutting off pieces of the entrails as they protruded and scattering the fragments far and near. He then cut the girl's throat from ear to ear. At the inquest White's wife confessed to all the revolting details, when a young man named Hart, incensed at the story of fiendish brutality, shot the negro man dead. The wife of Lum and an old negro man, who lived with them, were started on their way to Carthage, but a crowd met the escort and took the prisoners out and shot them.

### FOREIGN NEWS.

The funeral of the late Baron Haymerle took place at Vienna. The Emperor Francis Joseph was present as well as the entire diplomatic corps.—The Russian journals have been prohibited from publishing anything regarding the impending movements of the czar or any of the imperial family.—Another process-server has been shot in Ireland.—The French ministry has resigned, and M. Gambetta has been charged with the formation of a new cabinet.

Excitement over the arrest of Parnel continues in Ireland and in Irish circle in England. There was rioting in Limerick and Dublin growing out of the arrest. Mr. Dillon, Mr. Sexton, Mr. Quinn and other prominent members of the Irish land league have been arrested and committed to the Kilmainham jail. There was a serious riot at Limerick.

The excitement in Ireland over Parnell's arrest continues. The British government has taken measures to promptly meet any outbreak which may occur. Mr. Parnell demands the same treatment as the suspects.—Lorillard's Iroquois won the New Market Derby stakes Oct. 14.—Edison received five medals from the Paris Electric Congress.

Disorders growing out of the arrest of Mr. Parnell continue in Ireland. There was rioting in Dublin and the police were stoned. Thirty-five arrests were made. A man was fatally shot near Tralee, county Kerry, Ireland, during an affray between the police and a party of armed men.—Premier Gladstone is indisposed.—In his speech to the Italian pilgrims the Pope said he was outraged in his person and his dignity in a thousand ways.—The French General Sabatier has defeated the Tunisian insurgents in a second battle.—The British bark Snowdonia recently foundered at sea, and it is feared all on board were lost.

Excitement over the arrest of Parnell continues in Ireland. The government is taking precautions to prevent an outbreak. Mr. Gladstone's house is guarded by the police.—The Emperor William and Prince Bismarck have offered the Pope an asylum at Cologne.

The London press regard the action of the Irish Land League as an incentive to civil war. Forty policemen were wounded in the late riots in Dublin. Four persons wounded have had legs amputated. Mr. Cable, a leading member of the Board of Guardians of Mount Mellick, has been arrested.

(Indianapolis, Indiana, Farmer.)

### Everybody Right.

When every one says a "thing is so, it must be so." On this point Mr. A. H. Lyman, Druggist, Manistee, Mich., writes: Every one who tries St. Jacob's Oil, says that it is the best remedy ever used for rheumatism. Mr. White, a customer, after having employed every known specific for rheumatism was cured by St. Jacob's Oil.

The well-known popular tree planted by Marie Antonette in the garden of Petit Trianon at Versailles has been blown down.

(Fall River, (Mass.) Daily Herald.)

### Barnard Manufacturing Company.

Mr. Isaac L. Hart, Superintendent, No. 8 Ashton street, says: I have used ... superior remedy, St. Jacob's Oil, in ... case of rheumatism in my arm, ... effect was wonderful, having ... after a thorough trial, all ... my arm as well as ever.

Mt. Pleasant (Iowa) Journal.

### Miraculous Escape.

It is an experience vouchsafed to very few, to tread along the border land of death and yet come back to life, preserved as if by a miracle. Yet, such was the experience of Professor Tice, of St. Louis, the day following the conclusion of his course of lectures at Burlington, Iowa, lately, as we learn from Mr. Samuel L. Pyle, the well known druggist of Mt. Pleasant, in relation to the case. Professor Tice gives the strongest endorsement of the efficacy of St. Jacob's Oil, which it is possible to give. It produced immediate relief in an attack of Neuralgia of the chest, where the pulse had gone down to thirty-five per minute, and scarcely perceptible. In half an hour his pulse was restored to its normal beat of eighty. Four appointments of lectures had to be cancelled in consequence. Professor Tice credits the St. Jacob's Oil with having saved his life. Mr. George F. W. Willey, the widely known teacher here, in response to an inquiry concerning the remedy, said: With great pleasure I bear testimony to the peculiar healing properties of St. Jacob's Oil in rheumatic pains. Having been a sufferer with this distressing malady for years, I do say that the curative effects of the St. Jacob's Oil in my case surpassed those of any other rheumatic remedy, many of which I have been forced to use. Mr. E. Rugg spoke from personal experience in stating that he had suffered a great deal from Rheumatism, and been troubled at different times with sore throat. He purchased a bottle of St. Jacob's Oil from Mr. Pyle, and after three or four applications was relieved of his ailment. Asking Mr. W. A. Rouse what he knew about the article, he said: After great suffering with pain in the left side, attended with severe colic, I was recommended to use St. Jacob's Oil. I purchased a bottle, took two doses, and applied some externally. I was relieved immediately, and have not experienced any pain since; that of my left side, from which I had sufferd for more than one year, having left me. Such experiences as these carry conviction with them to all fair-minded and thoughtful people, and more firmly establish the merit of that famous remedy which, too, has our indorsement.

The London Economist estimates the importation of food into Great Britain at present as forty per cent. of the total imports of the country.

New York Spirit of the Times.

### What's in a Name?

Ex-Governor Bowie, of Maryland, the owner of the famous race horse "Crickmore," while pleasantly chatting with the managing partner of a heavy advertising firm in Baltimore, was somewhat surprised by the question addressed to him whether he would be willing to grant the privilege of re-christening his favorite horse for the sum of $5,000. The offer, certainly a tempting one, was courteously and thankfully declined. It is hardly necessary to suggest that if the proposition had been accepted, the great "Crickmore" would for the future add new and brighter luster to the fame and popularity of St. Jacob's Oil.

Fifteen per cent. of the persons in Boston who pay takes of $1,000 a year and upwards are women.

PURE COD LIVER OIL made from selected livers, on the seashore, by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in the market.

To make new hair grow use CARBOLINE, a deodorized extract of petroleum. This natural petroleum hair renewer, as recently improved, is the only thing that will really produce new hair. It is a delightful dressing.

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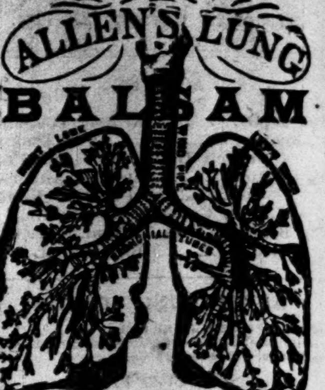
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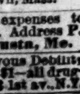
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